

# THE OMEN, WON'T YOU?

# The Forward

Hampshire College, Amherst, MA • [news@forward.hampshire.edu](mailto:news@forward.hampshire.edu)

**SPECIAL  
PUFF DADDY  
REMIX  
ISSUE!**



Yeah, yeah!  
Puff Daddy's  
in da house!

I miss the  
sensationalist  
headlines.

Look! They're  
making the  
international  
symbol for  
female genitalia!

I like the new  
format. It's  
not folded.



# c o n t e n t s

## FRESH

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## The Omen

Volume 12, Number 2  
February 12, 1999

### Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Funk Master
Jacob Chabot.....	Chabusta Rhymes
Mat Lauritsen.....	Terminator X
Mark Hugo.....	Mad Mixin' Marky Mark
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	MC Mr. T
Michael Pierce.....	Puff Benni
Jess VanScoy.....	PYT: Pretty Young Thing
Dave Killen.....	Ghost Face Killen
Wade Stuckwisch.....	MC G White
Aemily Reshen.....	De La Squirrel
Travis Dale.....	T Man G Lovebone
Paul Boyer.....	One Skinee J
Gareth Edel.....	G Love Special Sauce
Tyler Carey.....	Puss N Bootsy

### Contributors

Gus Andrews  
Brady Burroughs  
Alex Kreit  
Jen Peña  
Mikael Kennedy

*"Trick question.  
Lemmy is God."*

*-Steve Buscemi in  
Airheads*



## Submit to us ...

**T**he Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as

long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

**Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community** and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to **be heard?**

*The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.*



# EDITORIAL The Future is Ours, So Let's Plan It, Janet

by Michelle Beach

Well, kids, campus has been pretty quiet over these past few weeks. What's up? There should always be something worth editorializing about on a campus full of activists and involved students. Is there really nothing going on, or do we just not know about it?

Maybe people on this campus would be involved if they knew what was going on. Though, I'm not sure what that would mean. Already groups flyer, stuff mailboxes, and send e-mail in attempt to get people to their events, but often it doesn't work. Maybe telephone calls to each student personally inviting them would help.

But it isn't only attendance that is low, it is also, and more importantly, involvement. Hampfest, an event to get more students involved in groups, was attended by a few new students but the majority of the other people there were already involved in some way in with the groups. This could have been because it was in the Red Barn, it could have been because it was under advertised, or it could have been because people don't care.

Maybe students are just un-

happy with the existing organizations and are looking for something new and different. I really don't think that this is true. The new group funding cycle has just recently passed and the greater majority of those who turned in applications were already, in some way, involved in other student organizations. Which means that it is the same set of people who do everything on campus. **This is not a healthy campus environment.** Students should be involved not only in student activities but also in campus government and other such politics.

The Leadership Center is trying to move things into this direction. By leaving the space open late, having office supplies, filing space, computers, and tables for group discussion readily available, they are making it easier for groups to meet and plan events. This space is also an attempt to lead to increase dialogue between groups. Through this, groups will be able to work together to plan larger events, assure that their events do not conflict and gain support of more members of the campus. The e-mail list, hampgroups, is also an attempt to increase correspondence between

groups.

So far this list has not grown to its full potential. Most of the messages are just reminders of events that are already advertised elsewhere. However, the list can and should be used more in the planning stage of events, as a way for group leaders to say what they are trying to do, then possibly receiving advice from others who have already done something similar. Larger projects can also begin through this list. Someone with an idea or a goal can use the list as a place to start and find other interested in the plan.

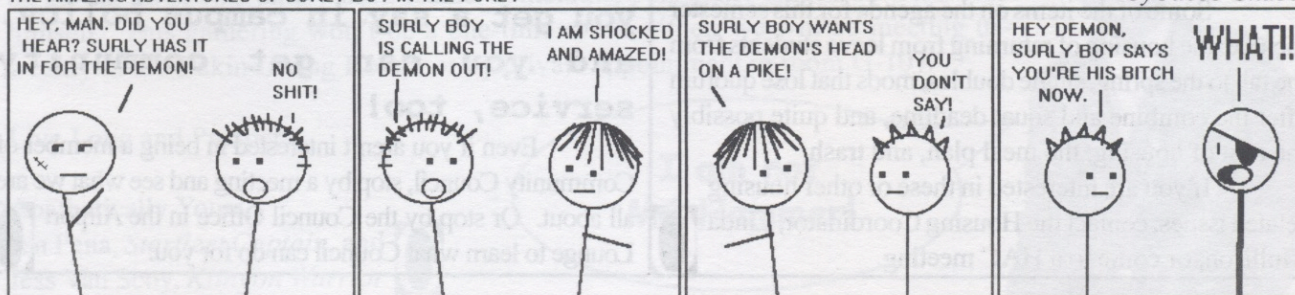
Intergroup dialogue is very important and the Leadership Center has provided many opportunities to promote it. Now it's up to us to take advantage of it.

This campus is also missing involvement in campus politics. Hampshire is one of the very few colleges that actually give students a say in the making of major decisions. Community Council can, and should, be a very powerful body. There are student members on almost every committee, in the schools, and there is even a student trustee. These students have the opportunity to have a great impact on

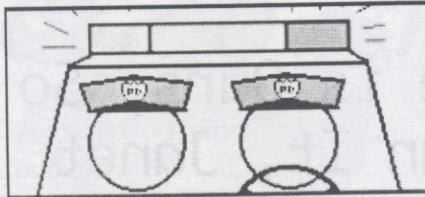
*continued on page 21*

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE POKEY

by Jacob Chabot







# POLICE LOG!

## January 26-February 1

### Fire Alarms

Jan. 29, 4:31pm: Merrill accidental activation of pull station  
Jan. 30, 3:46pm: Merrill Master's cooking smoke  
Jan. 31, 2:12pm: Greenwich cooking smoke in apt. 11  
Feb. 1, 6:43pm: Greenwich cooking smoke in apt. 7

### Suspicious Persons

Jan. 26, 11:15am: Women's Center; no other info available  
Jan. 26, 9:45pm: Library; individual asked to leave  
Feb. 1, 5:30pm: Dakin; unable to locate individuals

Jan. 27, 7:34am: Merrill individual trespassed from campus

### Other Offenses

Jan. 30, 12:30pm: Dakin student reported sexual harassment

### Disturbances

Jan. 26, 12:43am: Merrill party on B-3  
Jan. 27, 2:05am: Dakin yelling reported, unable to locate  
Jan. 28, 1:04am: Greenwich noise complaint re apartment 19  
Jan. 29, 12:44am: Greenwich noise complaint re apartment 19  
Jan. 31, 2:19am: Merrill noise

complaint re A-3

### Traffic

Jan. 27, 10:50pm: Dakin vehicle speeding—operator spoken to  
Jan. 27, 11:09pm: Prescott vehicle speeding—operator spoken to  
Jan. 28, 11:34am: Motor Vehicle Accident; Merrill—minor accident  
Jan. 28, 6:44pm: Main Drive stop sign violation—operator spoken to

### Vandalism

Jan. 31, 1:02am: Cole Science Center; unable to locate any problem

## A Call for Participation

by Michelle Beach

**D**o you care about your housing? Ever wonder how the policies that effect where you live and how you are allowed to move are created? Ever think that it might be nice to be involved in that process? Well now is your chance.

The Housing Advisory Committee meets on Fridays from 10 until noon in Linda Mollison's office.

**Although a lot can be accomplished with just three people sitting in a room talking,** this really isn't a fair representation of the campus. Because of this, the committee is searching for new members.

Some of the items on the agenda for this semester include: the housing of returning from leave students from the fall to the spring, single doubles, mods that lose quorum after the combine and squat deadline, and quite possibly the cost of housing, the meal plan, and trash.

If you are interested in these or other housing related issues, contact the Housing Coordinator, Linda Mollison, or come to a HAC meeting.

**T**he time is now upon us. It is now time again to vote for your Community Council Representatives. There are two at-large seats open as well as two alternate seats. And there are many fine candidates running for these positions.

So get out and vote. The election table will be set up outside of the library Monday, February 15 through Wednesday, February 18. Voting is the easiest way to get involved on campus, so do it. Help break the record and get more than half of this lazy campus to vote.

Also, there are four seats for House Representatives open. If you live in Dakin, Prescott, Greenwich or Enfield start bugging your interns to hold elections and run for Community Council. **It's fun, you get a say in campus policy, and you can get community service, too!**

Even if you aren't interested in being a member of Community Council, stop by a meeting and see what we are all about. Or stop by the Council Office in the Airport Lounge to learn what Council can do for you.



# Friendly Competition is A-OK

by Jessica "Jessica VanScoy" VanScoy and Jen Pena

**Y**esterday, returning from the Opium Den, I ran into a friend of mine. Then I backed up and ran into him again . . . . He was on the first floor of Dakin's G-Hall, passed out amongst beer bottles, cigarettes, and half-drowned in a pool of his own vomit. A large orgy had occurred the night before, and this big bearded administrator (who we'll call "Dr. Dough") was one wasted mutha. For my own part, I had gingerly avoided the rubble of two orgies now, easily dismissing the pale pink nighties and edible underwear. It was somebody else's "job." Dough Boy, on the other hand, wasn't using blinders; it was his community and he was taking care of it.

Dr. Dough inspired me, and I did what I could to help him "finish." Were it not for that inspiration, though, I probably would have continued to play the role of the apathetic, reactive student. It's somebody else's "job," right? **On a larger scale, someone else will build that Sparkling Opium Wonderland envisioned by the admissions propaganda.** It takes people like Dr. Dough to make me snap out of my self-absorbed, D & D Fantasy Camp realm and realize I'm on campus not because I'm trapped, and more due to the fact that HAMPSHIRE HAS MANY, MANY HOT SWEATY MALES.

This issue of the *Omen* and all future issues are an attempt to increase Hampshire's awareness of the billions of trees murdered every week for the sole cause of filling our mailboxes, trash cans and heads with the garbage of lesser publications. Sure, they're looking for "more interesting stories," "better news coverage," "less tipigraficol errors," "blah blah blah . . ." What they're really looking for is the Lost Land of Hampshire Community, since dead people (really turn them on), like Emile Durkheim and Dr. Dough Boy prove to be natural "Bedfellows." Nevermind that a campus newspaper like the *Omen* is only popular because its readers are actually literate, and won't be afraid to point out that I have used the word "apathy" 35 times in this article alone . . .

Here at the *Omen*, we're going to try to inspire the community as Dr. Dough Boy has inspired us, but it's going to take your involvement. To form a truly beautiful orgy, we need members of that community. Without your help, Hampshire, this paper will be a mere phallacy. When you are involved in or planning something cool or noteworthy, or when your friends do something cool or noteworthy . . . WE DON'T GIVE A SHIT. But if you want/need to partake of an orgy, please, let us know. As Dr. Dough said just last night, "If you don't ask, you won't receive." Period.

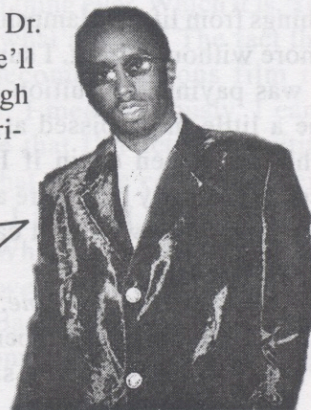
Now comes the cool part. I'd like to invite you all to a raging kegger at Dr. Dough's house Monday night at 7 pm. At the event there will be free opium and we'll be giving away two barely used leather loincloths, personally signed by Dr. Dough himself. This gathering won't be a one-time event, either; we will be meeting tri-weekly in the Dakin Living Room, or by private appointment in room G-107.

Live Long and Prosper!

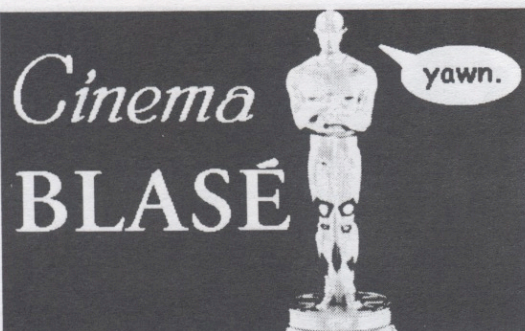
Apathetically Yours,  
Jen Pena, *Starfleet Captain*, and  
Jess Van Scoy, *Klingon Warrior*



I am not  
MC Hammer!







# A Simple Plan: We Live, We Drink, We Die

by Wade Stuckwisch

**A**t first, I was planning to review *The Thin Red Line* for this month's column. Then I decided to scrap that and discuss the deplorable state of Hampshire this semester. I mean, I must admit that I have been known to be a chronic and repeated Hampshire apologist, but in all seriousness this started out to be one of the crappiest semesters ever. Only half the cable channels, no more garbage pickup... yecch. Then I realized that everyone else is probably going to be bitching about that shit so I guess I don't really have to comment on it. Let's face it. Even with our sky-high tuition Hampshire is financially a poor school. Welcome to expensive poverty. Yeah, I could have gone elsewhere, but then I would have had grades and required classes and white caps and football games and no *Omen* and such. Personally, I'm convinced that life exists to slowly crush all the dreams of anyone who tries to be anything, so I frankly don't expect to get too many positive things from life or Hampshire anymore without a fight. I suppose if I was paying full tuition I might be a little more pissed at Hampshire, but then again if I was, I could probably buy more and better liquor so I wouldn't care. But on to the movies...

*The Thin Red Line:* I heard rave things about it, but personally I was disappointed. I suppose

maybe it was a better movie than *Saving Private Ryan* on an intellectual level, in that it wasn't as full of stereotyped characters and it was a little more cohesive. Whereas *SPR* was a war story, *The Thin Red Line* is more of a contemplation than anything, complete with random shots of nature and those longing, colonial-nostalgia scenes of island natives. The thing I like about *Saving Private Ryan* is that it was a big bloody violent mess (or at least the first twenty minutes were). *The Thin Red Line* is probably more realistic, with more down time between attacks and such, but it didn't make me reel back in terror at the idea of human carnage like *Saving Private Ryan* did. I guess that's the problem with making a meditation on war instead of a full-blown Hollywood action pic. I also couldn't relate to the enemy in *The Thin Red Line*. The Japanese never really seemed human. The only times you saw them they were crouching on the ground or scampering on their hands and knees or picking at each other. They were more like monkeys than humans. Seriously! I'm not making this up! On a pure enjoyment level, it was too long and too boring. And I just can't like any movie that ends with a shot of a coconut sprouting on a beach. (Oops, gave away the ending...)

*A Simple Plan:* At first this movie reminded me way too much of *Fargo* and *Very Bad Things*. It had that whole "money corrupts/moral dilemma/evil that

men do/karmic retribution" thing going. The plot isn't really new, but it's the subtleties that make the film purely gut-wrenching. By the time it gets to the end it really makes you want to curl up in a little ball and cry your guts out. Well, maybe it's not *that* moving, but I'm allowed to be prone to hyperbole, aren't I? Man, is it late at night while I'm writing this. At least I'm not drunk, I guess. But enough about me. **You should see *A Simple Plan*, and you should ignore anything impulses that it reminds you of *Fargo*.** Good darn movie.

*Mary Jane's Not A Virgin Anymore:* So what if I saw this movie in the Main Lecture Hall in FPH? Does that make it not a "real" movie? Must movies be seen in a venue that sells popcorn? Fie on you, corporate philistines! Fie! I have to applaud anyone who distributes their own movie the way that the director of *Mary Jane* has. Maybe she's not making a ton of money, but I bet when she looks back on her life she won't suddenly realize that she's spent her life making Pauly Shore movies. You try dying some time and we'll see how you feel about money when your life flashes in front of your eyes and all you see is "Oww! Hey Buhhh-dee!" The movie is about as do-it-yourself punk rock as a



# Forkin' Superbored

by Dave Killen

**I**t's Super Sunday and I sit in my friend's mod, watching the commercials and drinking the beer we'd missed the first quarter getting. Who knew Massachusetts was as square as Utah when it comes to buying alcohol on Sundays? Or that a suggestion of driving up to Vermont 30 minutes before game time to rectify the situation would be taken seriously? Not this world-weary Oregonian. We're informed that we didn't miss much, other than a couple good movie trailers. It doesn't matter; the game's on, the chips are on the table and the Coors is getting warm.

"What happens when they kick it through the fork?" asks a guy sitting next to me, presumably meaning the uprights.

"It's worth three points," I reply. He thinks on this for a moment.

**"So if they want in-the middle of a play—they can just be like 'Fuck it' and kick it through the fork?"**

"Uh, I guess," I answer, "but usually it's kind of planned out ahead of time."

"Can they throw it through the fork?"

"Uprights. The 'fork' is really called the uprights," I say, "and you can't really throw it through them." I ponder the possibility of an upcoming "that's what she said" joke involving the word "upright," but the opportunity fails to present itself. Boring

movie can get. It's like the film equivalent of a really good Xeroxed fanzine. I guess the low production values, with a minimum of artsy shooting or any kind of fancy aesthetic concerns, made the movie a little tough to watch, but the story is what made it worthwhile. It's about time someone got past all the Hollywood bullshit about sex and relationships like this filmmaker has (and I would mention her name if I wasn't too tired to look it up. Look it up on

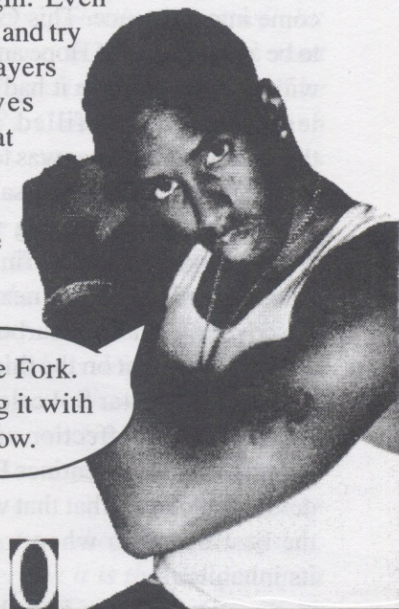
the Internet Movie Database. It's at <[www.imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com)>.) I suppose if someone with money would have made a movie this honest about sex and relationships, this movie might not seem all that great; but kudos to the filmmaker for being honest on screen for once. And all for a mere 12 grand.

OK, it's late and I'm dead tired, so I think I'm going to crawl into bed and dream about a time when the most fulfilling thing in

## SHAKEN, *not* STIRRED

commercials air. My friends eat chips nonstop. John Madden compares John Elway's strategy to an old bologna sandwich; "if you leave it out long enough, someone's gonna eat it." I compare John Madden to late Cubs announcer Harry Carry (*ball hit* "It's hit hard. . . ." *ball lands outside of stadium and bounces several times* "It could be . . . It might go . . ."). I begin to admit what I've been trying to deny for too long—The Super Bowl Is The Most Fucking Boring Thing I've Ever Seen. This year at least. Last year it was cool. But this year they've got Stevie Wonder for the halftime show, and he's driving a car. That's just *so Rain Man*. I yearn for baseball season to begin. Even the announcers seem bored, and try to start fights among the players to entertain themselves ("Elway! Did you hear what the Atlanta Falcons said about your mother?!"). At the end of the game the Falcons are described by Pat Summerville with great enthusiasm thusly: "The Atlanta Falcons are not the world champions!" Remind me never to go to Miami.

Uhn, The Fork.  
Yeah. Sing it with  
me now.



## Simpler Plan: Just Drink

my life isn't running an amateur professional wrestling show on INTRAN. Not to say that isn't the coolest thing ever. Which it is. You know what's scary? The fact that I've become a serious film reviewer. I mean seriously, I can't believe that I'm actually writing stuff that people could take seriously. I feel old. Screw you all then. Where's my beer?

*Next week:* Bowp, Bowp, Bow-Ba-Bowp: Bill Murray and some kid in *Rushmore*.





by Michael Pierce

Somewhere in the Universe, there is a piece of unknown trash, singing a song of peace and love and happiness. It poses no threat, and has no reason to, for its message is powerful. Produced by some benevolent race for the widely accepted purpose of being nice, this device is the most pleasant and serene sum of euphoric machinery to ever come into existence. This Child was to be a messenger of Hope and Goodwill. Every alien race it had encountered on its love-filled journey throughout the cosmos was to hear its pronouncement for universal accord.

After seven long years of study, the machine had finally finished downloading its next target. Discovering that the carbon-based life forms present on the third planet away from the star Sol celebrated a day of love and affection among its peoples called "Valentines Day," the device concluded that that would be the best bet as to when to contact its inhabitants.

Descending into the atmosphere, this tiny mechanism began to broadcast its loving and moving message on all wavelengths currently in use by the planet below. If successful, anything capable of receiving a message would be contacted and bestowed with the urgent cry for one thing and one thing only: friendship.

It did not take long for the governments of the world to quickly gather at their private bases underground in order to talk about the strange device. Typical questions circulated through each of the nations: Where was it from? What was its true purpose? How did it

get here? Four hours later, the answers became clear. On the same broadcasting channels, the message changed from that of "Salutations" to that of a history of its long journey from a planet over 30 light years away from Earth. It had traveled through hundreds of planetary systems and never once failed its true goal of connecting all life forms together under the banner, **"Long live peace, love, and happiness."**

By now, the wondrous device had landed in the Atlantic Ocean, approximately where it had calculated the original Earth landmass to be before the continental plates tore it apart. It wanted to unite everyone at the spot of their creation. It did not care to meet the demands of religions or politics. Happiness would be the solution for all of the planet's problems, if only everyone would agree to it.

A full day passed while the nations deliberated over what to do about this miracle of modern day technology. Was it to be trusted? Could it truly solve, beyond a shadow of a doubt, each of the planet's persistent dilemmas of the past two hundred years? Doubt was on everyone's lips, but no one dared to speak, less the machine would take vengeance upon them.

All over the world, reactions became mixed. What if the machine was to take over and become the next Hitler? What if "Happiness" was only a code word for a large destructive force that would take over as soon as the Earth agreed to the device's demands? Who could save them from certain destruction if all went wrong?

# To Be Free

Another day passed. The Future of mankind awaited an answer. It still broadcasted a message of peace and love, bestowing this small planet with such powerful vibes that it was impossible for them to seek any other alternative. It was just such a good offer - who could refuse?

The first wave of cruise missiles struck the machine from the left side before it could begin to ascend into the atmosphere. Suddenly, three hundred more missiles beat upon the right side, sending it spinning into the water. Smoke belled from the machine as it floated along the water's surface, trying to stay buoyant enough to repair itself.

If it wasn't for the one nuclear device that followed, the mechanism may have had a chance of survival. It was the three other nukes afterward that completely decimated the object. The thirteen larger nukes after those went beyond the spot of the blasted machine and sunk into the ocean where they exploded, spilling radiation into the water like no sizable blast before had ever done. The ocean began to turn red.

As the crimson faded into the water supply of the world, people rejoiced, calling it the blood of the "Valentines Day Machine." Two days later, white flowers began appearing all over the Earth, growing from the water. They were burnt immediately. It was obvious that they were to be used by the alien machine as tracking devices.

"Long live the Earth! Long live our right to be free!" Earth had remained free, it was true. It had accomplished its own sole purpose of being free from peace, happiness, and love.

C'mon.





# King Kasanova

by Mathew Lauritsen

What slows down the general impetus is the specific antithesis of moment to moment fatigue. For example, I have been forced to abandon the project of producing an entire cookbook. Rather, I now seek a single recipe that will, by itself, embody the plight of man in a world ruled by an unfeeling God, as well as provide the eater with a cheap alternative to existential asparagus.

To this end, I purchased six hundred pounds of food from the corner grocery and locked myself in the kitchen, refusing to admit anyone. But even after several weeks of work, I realized that six hundred pounds of onions will taste like onions regardless of the manner in which they have been prepared. And so all projects turn out like that because other people and the antithesis look the same to you, and will, without flinching, give you crap. There can be no xenogenesis in a real sense.

They will be bastards to you just because you have the audacity to want something, and not just a coke or a ham sandwich, but REALLY want something... Think of all the shit Richard Simmons has gotten for himself by pursuing his

dream of running an international weight loss program for obese women. He wasn't afraid of the pain of rejection; he just went out and made millions of fat women love him for his benevolence and ability to shrink their waistlines. So it is best to say, **"I am THE Casanova" of my field because it is easy to quickly deduce whether or not you have spoken the truth.** To advance confidently in the direction of one's dreams means to strike up conversations with concepts that are out of your league, just to drive home the reality of failure. But the Casanova doesn't take shit; he just simply does what he does best in his eighty some-odd years of quixotism.

But grappling with hyper-real naivete is like taking aspirin because you haven't got a headache: it doesn't make sense. Impetus is the force of inertia moving in space. There isn't necessarily a destination for every impetus. In fact most simply drift along with their pointless momentum until they collide with another undirected impetus. The forces then get

married and send some other impotent impetus yonder to smash into something useless, possibly Harvard. But when one can say to one's self, "Holy Christ, I am headed directly for the sun," it is a really naïve moment, and not to be grappled with.

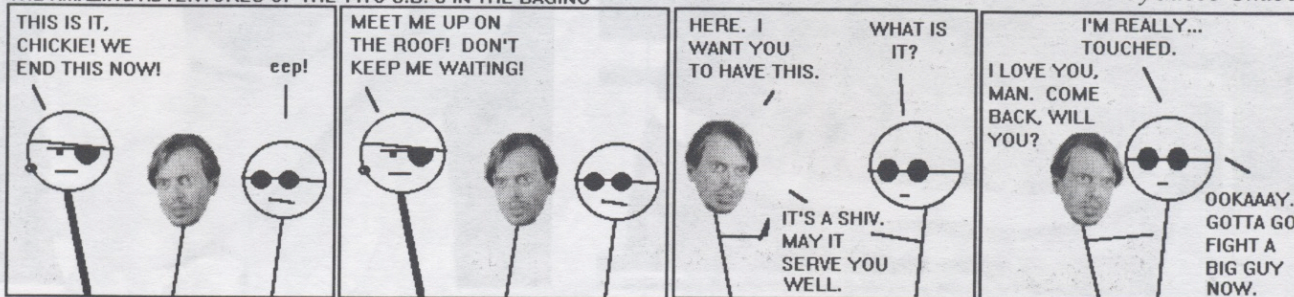
The project of true wanting must involve illusion, because in the Holy Christ of crashing into the sun, only two suppositions bear weight: that there is a sun, and that something exists that may as well be the Holy Christ. And with such arbitrary suppositions, the process of deduction becomes simple, because anything goes.

With Valentine's Day approaching, it must be remembered that not just any impetus will do when a body is drifting through the rye, because when a body meets a body the tendency is to become ridiculous, and full of wanting of a fruitless sort. Not that bodies bear no fruit, but when its cold outside, make certain it is the sun you open your jacket to, and not some chunk of misdirected debris. What is beautiful one day is just a phone call another, and so look for things that expire decades from now, because we aren't living in a refrigerator.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF THE TWO S.B.'S IN THE BAGINO

by Jacob Chabot





# Wrestling Preview

# WWC

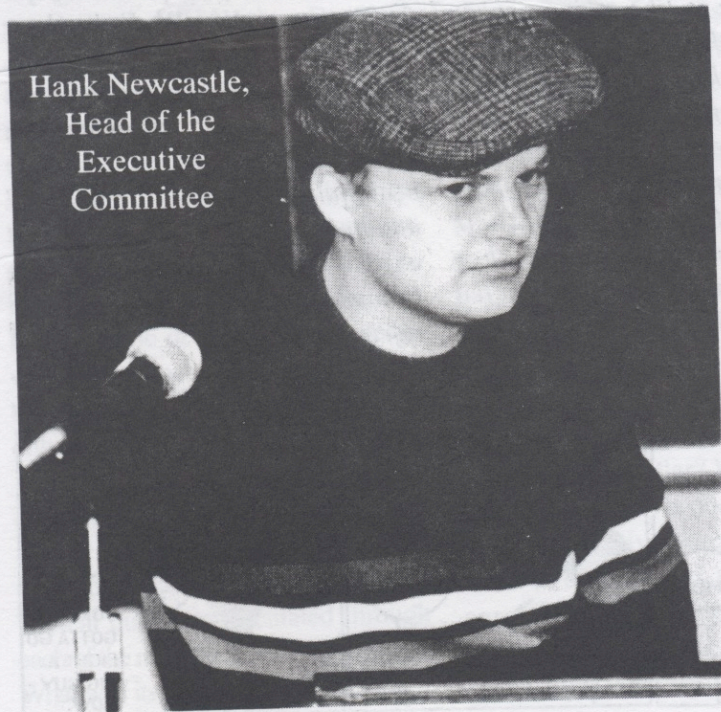
by Alex Kreit, WWC President

**O**n this page you see just a few of the World Wrestling Collective's superstars who will be taking Hampshire College by storm this semester. **If these candid photographs excite you just wait for the promotional videos which will be airing soon on INTRAN!** Keep an eye out for posters letting you know just when the videos will be airing. Remember, it isn't too late to get rid of your flower skirt and didgeridoo and join the ranks of the WWC.

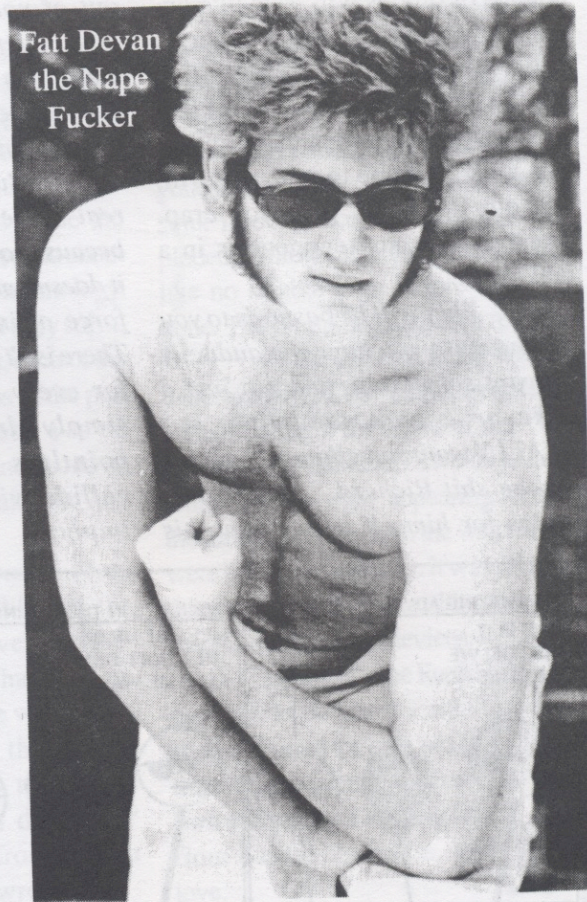
photographs by Mikael Kennedy



The Rebel Yell



Hank Newcastle,  
Head of the  
Executive  
Committee



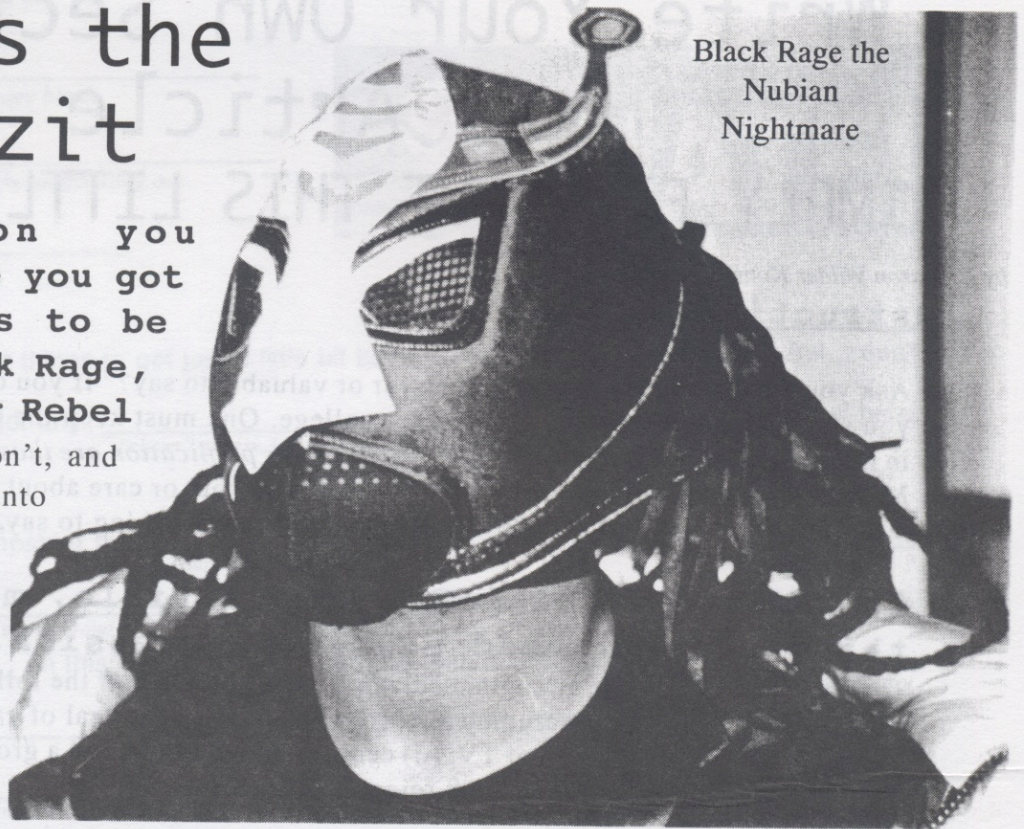
Fatt Devan  
the Nape  
Fucker



# Here's the Shizzit

Come on you pansies, have you got what it takes to be the next Black Rage, Fatt Devan, or Rebel Yell? If you don't, and are too weak to step into the squared circle, we understand. Why would anyone in their right mind want to receive the beating of a lifetime from one of our superstars?

O



Black Rage the  
Nubian  
Nightmare



Attorney  
Janet Reno



The Beetle



# Write Your Own Section Hate Article

## SIMPLY FILL OUT THIS LITTLE FORM!!

by Dr. Jason Wilder Korschak

### Instructions:

1. Ask yourself: "Do I have anything clever or valuable to say?" If you do, evidence shows that you should probably transfer to another college. One must keep the *Omen's* prime directive in mind: "*The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.*" Meaning, if anyone else could possibly agree with you, or care about what you have to say—YOU DON'T BELONG HERE. But, if you don't have a thing to say, continue to step two.
2. **To write a traditional *Omen* article, more than anything, you'll need pent-up aggression.** You'll need lots of it. To acquire this geek-like strength, dedicate yourself to three of the following. (a) Avoid physical activity of all kinds, including sex; (b) consume a great deal of caffeine, sugar, or drugs; (c) watch a weekly 20 hours of TV; (d) cease socializing beyond a group of xenophobic, like-minded friks; and (e) actively seek rejection.

3. Next, you need to vent this aggression at something harmless and pointless. Choose one. Choose a good one, because once you've chosen, you'll need to harp on it, and without mercy. The *Omen* motto should be, "Dead horses die for our kicking." Some historic choices have included (a) Greg Prince (the *Omen* staff); (b) snow, classes, or lack of sweet lovin' (regular submitters); but most people pick (c) other people (that's the key to xenophobia, afterall).

4. Fill out the form on the following page.

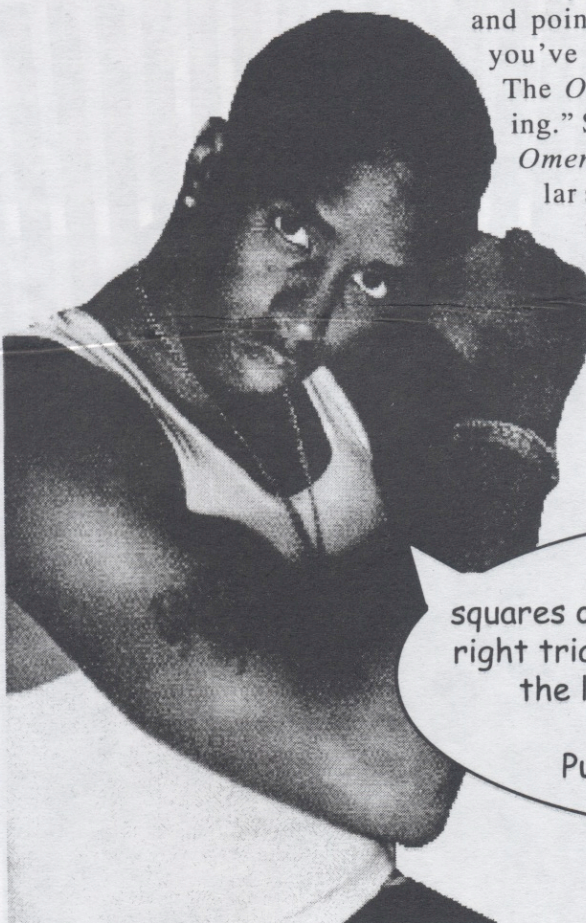
5. Sprinkle with generous helpings of the following alphabet of fun: (a) fuck; (b) fuckers; (c) fucking; (d) shit; (e) balls; (f) damn; (g) ass; (h) asshole; (i) bitch; (j) bitchhole (k) dick; (l) dickhead; (m) can't; (n) won't; (o) haven't; (p) no; (q) none; (r) bitter; (s) hate; (t) hate; (u) hate; (v) hate; (w) hate; (x) hate; (y) hate; and (z) hippie.

The sum of the  
squares of the lengths of the legs of a  
right triangle is equal to the square of  
the length of the hypotenuse.

Aw yeah.

Puff Daddy ain't no fool!

Afterall, these are  
the most expressive and ex-  
act words in the English  
language.





\_\_\_\_\_ leave title space blank

\_\_\_\_\_ so the Omen can make an insulting one.

by \_\_\_\_\_  
your name here



# SECTION HATE!

I'm still waiting for things to get just a little bit better here at this crappy College. But, I don't think they ever will. Not until, \_\_\_\_\_ or I finally get out of here,  
"clever" phrase, like: "Richard Simons gives birth"  
and transfer.

I've been at Hampshire for \_\_\_\_\_ years, and everything here still \_\_\_\_\_  
a number verb in present tense  
like a goddamn \_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_. The reason is because of all the fucking  
ethnic group member an activity  
\_\_\_\_\_ on this \_\_\_\_\_ campus. Not to mention the \_\_\_\_\_  
chosen hatred vulgar adjective minor inconvenience  
that all the damn \_\_\_\_\_ causes. Tell me, how many times do I have to  
chosen hatred  
\_\_\_\_\_ before \_\_\_\_\_ finally gets off that fat ass, and  
simple solution to minor inconvenience someone else  
\_\_\_\_\_? In this \_\_\_\_\_ I must have gone through this kind of  
does something unnecessary period of time  
crap about \_\_\_\_\_ times already.  
number of atoms in the universe

When I came to Hampshire College, I came because it was supposed to be  
\_\_\_\_\_ and because \_\_\_\_\_. Now that I'm here, it's obvious  
something it's not something never promised  
to me that the Hampshire College staff is about as dedicated to being \_\_\_\_\_  
something it's not  
as the \_\_\_\_\_.  
Pope is dedicated to using tuna salad as a sexual lubricant.

I've only heard \_\_\_\_\_ mention \_\_\_\_\_ when talking  
Dr. Bob/ Greg Prince/ my advisor something never promised  
about \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_ saw on \_\_\_\_\_ after  
mythical creatures person in room holiday  
taking a great shit-load of \_\_\_\_\_. This place is filled with nothing but  
hallucinatory drug in room  
\_\_\_\_\_s, \_\_\_\_\_ fans, and \_\_\_\_\_-less \_\_\_\_\_.  
zoo animal celebrity body part hippies capitalists  
Maybe it's time I finally \_\_\_\_\_.  
productive activity

Then again, maybe I'm just a big, stupid, \_\_\_\_\_.  
what you probably are

**THERE YOU GO! PRINT IT UP, AND MAKE THE OMEN STAFF RE-TYPE IT!**





# Watch Your Ears in the Ring

by Gus Andrews

**W**ell, Jen Howk is back. (Are those same financial aid trolls who mistakenly told my poor old pacemaker-wearing father that he owed full tuition this year classy enough to read the Omen? Gee.) You'd think that I'd be content to shut up now, that I'd just sit back and let karma be my guide through my last few months at the Magical Happy Land That Is Our Dumpy Little College.

But alas, I am not satisfied. My lust for power grows ever larger as I sit back on my fat little haunches, empty the saliva-soaked alfalfa pellets out of my chubby little cheek pouches, and contemplate our peaceable kingdom. (Whee! I'm a hamster! Pardon the delirium and the power-madness—Div III does this. I promise it will happen to you, too. Write me when it does. Here's where I'll be living: in a lint-filled nest in a hole chewed in the couch at 3752 Chevy Chase Dr., La Cañada, CA 91011. Did I mention that Div III causes delusions of clairvoyance, too? If I could bottle and sell this feeling, I'd be a better capitalist than Bill Gates. VooooooooLAAAAAAAray, WHoOOOOoAAAAhOOooh, canTAAAAARAAEeeeEy, WhoohWOaaAOH...)

I have a plan. It is a good plan and I will not be told otherwise. Here's how it starts: **Dr. Bob, I challenge you to a grudge match.** Not a wrestling match, mind you. Wrestling is all good and I support the Hampshire Wrestling Collective, but frankly, it wouldn't be a fair fight. Bob would whomp my ass. He's not a small man.

So, I'm thinking like an

American Gladiators thing—something with foam bats or Nerf guns or giant steel balls or the like so I can make up for my relative flabbiness while maximizing my agility and natural charm. The referees will be Laurie Nisonoff and David Kerr, so it will be fair. We will battle until one of us falls from a tall, padded perch—that will be Bob doing the falling—and I win.

What is my prize? I get Bob's job. All will be well. Happiness will spread outward from Hampshire in big concentric circles. The folks at Applewood will get so happy that they will never again complain when we hold outdoor concerts at 3 in the morning. In fact, they will come to the concerts. No no no—they will come, and they will groove. The very crochietiest of them will lay down mad phat trax.

So, what will I do, when I'm Dean of Student Affairs? Oh, I dunno. How about for starters I promise to NEVER EVER EVER MAKE ATTENDANCE AT HAMPSHIRE BASKETBALL GAMES COMPULSORY. EVER. NOT EVEN FOR AN EVENING. Remember that "community dinner" the other day? Was I the only one who didn't drink myself stupid in order to forget the sense of violation and shame that comes of being a) forced to attend a sports game and b) forced to watch the team I'm being forced to sympathize with get trounced? It felt like I was in junior high again, cowering in the bleachers while Michelle thrust her pitiful half-grown breasts at the players and shouted obscenities on one side of me and Bianca heaped abuse on me from the other.

It was a crappy trick to pull, Bob, and it only proves that you still have no sense whatsoever of what

Hampshire and Hampshire students are all about (even if you did get enough of a clue to stop holding office hours on the basketball court).

Let me lay it out for you: There is a REASON why Hampshire games are underattended. Hampshire students did not come here to root for a team. **Many of us came here to escape meaningless competition, and that includes sports as well as GPAs.** Many of us were disgusted by a high school culture which insisted, with money and attention, that people with overdeveloped bodies and violent tendencies were more valuable than those of us with overdeveloped brains and empathy.

Plenty of us were aware that the empty pomp of sports wouldn't last us beyond childhood. (If I remember correctly, this is why Hampshire has an outdoor education program, the reasoning being that you can participate in outdoor sports for the better part of a lifetime. Plus, outdoor sports insist that you challenge yourself rather than others.)

I would wager there are a number of faculty who are on our side here. In fact, if my memory serves, there has been considerable violence on the faculty's part when Hampshire's sports program threatened to grow in the past.

If you can't wrap your brain around this, Bob, **YOU SHOULD LEAVE.** Hampshire has an institutional culture. Stop ignoring it.

Community dinners are fine. I like them. I like seeing friends who've been hiding in the mods. It's especially nice to see friends who have dropped out/graduated returning to campus for the free food and know that nobody will ever be the wiser.



# Join the Church of irony

by Brady "Hizzoner" Burroughs

**I** write this to bring you a new organization. It doesn't hold meetings, it has no funding, and is essentially conceptual. I write this to tell you about the new CHURCH OF iRONY. It is open to anyone who sees the hypocrisy and absurdity in the world. Why irony? It is, I feel, universal. There is not a single group, church, clique, business, philosophy, etc. that excludes irony. The world is rife with it. Most people are too self-serious and absorbed with whatever to notice it. That is why I brought the COi into existence. The eight aphorisms or "tenants" of the COi are simple, paradoxical, humorous and amazingly pretentious. They are:

- 1) **If everyone is Wrong, no one can be Right**
- 2) **From Chaos comes Order, yet Order demands Chaos**
- 3) **To believe in Nothing, one must first accept Everything**
- 4) **Life is nothing with out Death**
- 5) **One must first create Conformity in order to be Different**
- 6) **Understanding has nothing to do with Meaning**
- 7) **Every action is a Self-conscious one**
- 8) **Disregard the Above...**

Even a child could comprehend it! To celebrate the formation of this new entity, I am issuing membership cards to whoever wants one (seriously!). Simply email me (bcb98@hamp), and include your name and mailbox number (so I can give it to you).

Obviously, I'm no Rockefeller, so if you want them laminated or something --do it yourself. There is no fee, or obligation! All I ask is that you take a good look around you and laugh. Laugh without prejudice. Laugh at the overwhelming stupidity and hypocrisy in everything. I mean EVERYTHING...(that means you, too, **O** wiseguy). And all is well.

I don't hate sports. I played Ultimate (until I got fed up with the raging sexism inherent in co-ed sports) and ran on the cross-country team in high school. Sports have just never been the center of my existence. If I wanted to exert myself more than I do now, I'd tap-dance. I've never chosen to hang out with people for whom sports were a central pivot in their lives, and like most Hampshire students, I hate being compelled to do anything.

I think it's great that the members of the Black Sheep and Fencing Hampsters and Red Scare teams (please note, Bob, that each team made up its OWN name— let's keep it that way, OK? I know it's hard to explain in the admissions literature) have the energy and drive to go out and beat themselves up just for the sheer thrill of pain. But if people aren't rallying around Hampshire sports, please take the hint.

We know the games are

there; they're advertised just like anything else (and since everything else is poorly advertised, you might put up some more posters about games to edify those who want to watch sports.)

**We are not there yelling and screaming like a bunch of witless UMass fans because we are not a bunch of witless UMass fans.** We make our own choices. (Provided our dinner option hasn't been moved to the corner of a gymnasium. Did you notice how many people didn't bother to stick around for the whole game after they'd finished eating? How's that for community? I'll take my community at Saga, where I usually find it, along with the crappy vegetarian hot dogs.)

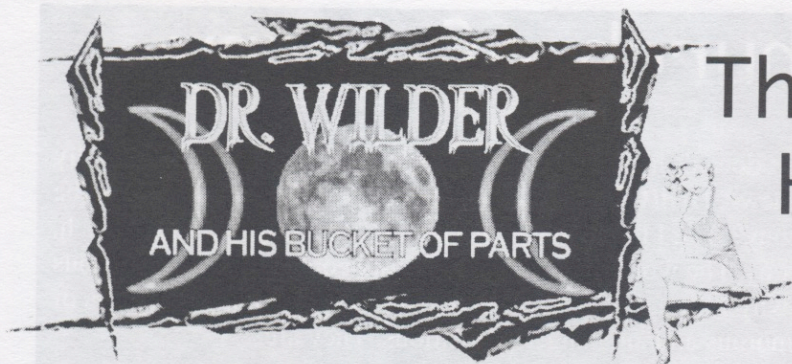
Let us tell you how we want

to come together as a community. Why don't you ask the leaders of student groups what events they want to put on, for a change? Or you could try showing up to a NON-sports oriented event to check out the scene. There seemed to be plenty of people at the Bread and Puppet performance; the open mic at the Tavern last week also drew a huge crowd. And how about Bruce Maleka and Co.'s gumboot performance? There's something that everyone at Hampshire should have seen, if you ask me. It was fuckin' transcendent, awe-inspiring, and 100% homegrown.

Buddanyway, like I said: if you don't want to serve the Hampshire community... uh... well, who died and made YOU Dean of Student Affairs? Hmm? Hmm? Mark me: I'll have your job!

Next week: I will find some way to work the phrase "nocturnal enuresis" into my article. **O** Heh heh. Enuresis.





# The Condensed History of Hair

by Dr. Jason Wilder Konschak

**T**his one goes out to all the suckas out there.

"Suckas: I'll tell you what – losing my mind's been incredibly time-consuming. By effectively driving me ape shit with your 'answer this, smart ass' and your 'Dr. W, I have an embarrassing question,' you've eaten many hours – churned them into crap – tried to give them back.

"I know what you're up to. Life has skinned your crotch with a potato peeler, and it's cathartic to drive someone else totally toasters. It makes a sucka feel good. It makes a sucka feel mighty. It makes a sucka feel he got a say in this shit-hole. All in all, it makes a sucka feel *real*. If I were a sucka, maybe I'd endeavor to turn others into crazy fools too.

**"But I ain't no sucka, sucka: I'm the docta, dammit. So quit hassling me."**

These suckas make it so I gots to repeat myself: "I'm a doctor, Jim – not a crazy fool! I make crazy fools sane and well-adjusted, like me, Dr. Wilder. I'm a doctor, Jim – not a crazy fool! I make crazy fools sane and well-adjusted, like me, Dr. Wilder."

Nonetheless, there's tension in my head. It readies to snap. It warns me: the hours remaining before the bust are few. So few, you could count them on the fingers of a retired shop teacher. So few, if there's anything left to straighten out these suckas and

crazy fools, I'd better get crackin', before I'm totally cracked.

Problem is, the rubber band is already stretched awfully thin. Pluck it. It plays a glass-shattering high-note. The rubber band is out of tune. In tune with itself: out of tune with the world.

But, I haven't got another brain, so let's get crackin' all the same.

Pluck away!

*Crack.*

Some bizarre shapes break out:

**Q** Mr. Mod Monkey writes: "Dr. W, you seem to think anything can be fixed by throwing sex at it. At college, I find piles of sexy women, with the cure for what ails me, but I can't find even one that's anywhere near as intellectually stimulating as a baggy full of partially digested oatmeal. Why's that?" –Horny-as-Hell-at-Hampshire.

**A** Horn-dog, there are two possible reasons for this difficulty. Either, 1) You're too into ogling their gonzagas to hear the dazzling stuff they're saying, or; 2) You don't have an intellect, lame-o. (Chaching, the doctor scores brownie points with the female crowd.) (Kakoin, he loses them by bragging about it.)

**Q** Merrill Miss asks: "Dr. Wilder, I bought a laser. I shined it in a mirror, and now I only have one eye. So why are the Care Bear Cousins always left out of Care Bear history?" –Cycloptic-in-C-hall.

**A** Because they suck, lame-o. Go buy a patch.

**Q** Yoho the Hippo writes: "Dr. W, I'm what you'd call a 'full-figured' guitarist. Get it straight: I'm not fat. I'm cuddly. And it's all genetic. Yet, I find something strange happens when I'm strumming my musical tool. After tearing-up on 'Love Love Me Do' for several hours, I start looking at my guitar. It's so beautiful, and fragrant, and lush, and chocolatey ... I mean, my question is, if I get hungry while playing my guitar, should I eat the top three frets?" –Groovy-in-Greenwich.

**A** Good question, Yo-han. Many Americans crave material possessions put into their mouth. I must admit, it doesn't arise in guitarists all so often. Not nearly as often as in tuba players. Or bagpipe players. Or children named Bing. But, it happens enough to warrant some honest answers. If you're hungry, don't resort to eating your frets. Unless your instrument is made of cheese, your amp's a better meal. If you don't have one, eat your chubby fingers, you lummo. Yum yum.

**Q** Anonymous e-mails, "We are a pair of neo-Nazi Aryan lesbians, looking to reproduce. What color are your eyes?" –Deutschland-Dykes-from-Dakin.

*continued on the next page*



# These Goddamn Kids Today

by Jacob Chabot

**Y**ou are all a bunch of candy-assed pussies. And I want you all to take that personally. You'll fast and campaign and protest for all sorts of just causes, but you won't take your own goddamned garbage out.

At the beginning of the semester the recycling bins in the bathrooms and the large garbage cans disappeared. The fire department (who **MUST** resent the fact that every few days they're coming out here in the middle of the night because you assholes can't cook) started cracking down on the fire codes. Physical plant couldn't toss your shit down the garbage chutes anymore. So, you'd just have to take your garbage out yourself. No big deal, right? Wrong. It was for you lazy sons of bitches.

Almost instantaneously, as if in immediate protest to this new rule, massive amounts of garbage were produced from nowhere. All over the dorms, it looked like there was a garbage strike going on. Piles of trash mounted up in the bathrooms. Garbage bags and stacks of pizza boxes lined hallways. You guys couldn't handle the fact that you'd have to walk your garbage **ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE DUMPSTERS**. Oh, my gawd! Heaven forbid you get off your pretentious little alternative asses and trek the loooong walk to throw away last semester's text books. You're not going to need those again! Finally, at least on my hall, Phys Plant caved in and carried the landfill that was forming out to the dumpster. You guys are so fucking spoiled! Do you have to take out the garbage in your own home (excuse

me, your *parents'* home) or does your mommy do it all?

What message does this send to you? Well, obviously if you don't want to do something, just leave it and Phys Plant will take care of it. Just throw your garbage bags in the hall, someone will take them away! So you continue to bag up your crap and leave it in the bathroom to be taken away by the mystical garbage fairies that come around while you're still sleeping off last night's drunken binge. And while they're at it, they'll also mop up your vomit and fix the stuff you trashed while you were blitzed. Your own mothers wouldn't do this stuff for you.

And yet you **STILL** bitch about it. You had your little meeting where you all got together to collectively stamp your little feet and whine "but I don't *wanna* take my garbage out!" Waah. I swear to god, you make my ears bleed. **This isn't a luxury hotel where you are waited on hand and foot for four years.** When you go out and get an apartment, are you going to expect the super to come and take your garbage out? College is supposed to prepare you for harsh, cruel, reality—not protect you from it. I cry for you and your little problems, I really do. But only for a little while because I have better things to worry about.

Meanwhile, welcome to the real world. Grow up. Get a job. Take out your goddamned garbage. It'll make you feel like you accomplished something today. **O**

*continued from previous page*

**A** THAT'S AWFUL. Yet .... No. NO NO NO NO NO NONONONONO. It's horrible! It's the most offensive thing I've ever .... NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO. Blue.

**Q** Dr. Wilder, I have a fairly unusual malady. It is caused by a virus, which I caught from the Brazilian economic crisis. You see, every evening, around quarter to six, my right foot turns into

a giant squid. It doesn't do it suddenly. It does it gradually, and makes stretching sounds, like an inflating balloon. By ten after, its tentacles measure 42 inches. That's longer than my bootlaces. That's a damn big squid.

Now, I don't really mind the squid so much. I named him Reginold. I have a large aquarium I wear as a shoe. I'm a vegan, and he's happy to eat tofu. The problem is, when

squirting ink at the cat, Reginold severely stained my white carpet. Is there any way to get squid ink out of my carpet? And for that matter, out of the cat?

**A** No.

**Q** Dr. Wilder, I'm afraid of you. Is that normal?

**A** Yes. All my ex-girl friends are.

*Crack.* **O**



# The Story of My Life...in Color!

by Jess VanScoy

**M**aybe I should write about this Christmas even though it seems like forever ago . . . but I won't. Or I could write about how many movies Amber and I saw in her apartment, wrapped in blankets and drinking hot chocolate. The typical Cafe Au Lait commercial except our conversations went more like:

"Oh my God, Dawn Rainey called me today. She wants to see me now that I'm back."

"EWW . . . remember her slogan? The one you, me and Angie made up . . .? 'Dawn Rainey: she's . . . nice . . . but she's White Trash.'"

Laugh Laugh Laugh.

Or I could tell you about a story involving two mules, an Easter Egg and a girl named Abbee Foxx . . .

Nah, I think I'll just tell you about **THE 400-POUND, BUS-DRIVIN', TACO-EATIN', CIGARETTE-SMOKIN' BLACK DUDE WHO TRIED TO PICK ME UP IN A BUS STATION** on my way home. There I was, innocently coloring in my coloring books. (We only color because we make captions and stuff for them, my friends and I. It's funnier than hell. You got Barbies with dicks, Bugs Bunny with a dick, Big Bird with a dick . . . and oh my favorite: a "Draw Your Best Friend" page and my friend drew a joint. So, yeah, we color.)

Anyways, back to Elliot Stewart Jr. Yup, that was his name. He bumbled up to me in the little restaurant thingie I was in and sat down.

"You gots a phone where

you at, baby?" he asked in his sly voice.

"Um . . . yeah."

"Oh . . . whatcha doin' there?"

"Coloring . . . ." (Thank God I hadn't put the captions on yet. I could almost see his eyes lighting up.)

"Oh . . . where you from?"

And so on until he just starts rambling on about his crackwhore girlfriend (read as: literally) who had left him a year and a half ago. He went on for about an hour and a half over just that. He kept repeating things like:

"An when she calls me to take me back—I ain't gonna do it."

And I'm like, dude, she left you a year and a half ago. She's not gonna call.

"So—like I said . . . you got a phone where you at?"

"Um . . . are you like asking me for my number?" (deep swallow)

"Sure, baby. You ain't afraid of a little color, are you, baby?"

"No, but, um . . . how old are you?"

"36."

Eww. Eww. Eww.

So, whoever (haha . . . genius on my part) gets a phone call from one Elliot Stewart Jr. some Saturday night . . . tell him I said Hi.

God, I wish I could tell you that was the end of my trip home. But no . . . due to circumstances at home (mainly I hated it), I arrived to the campus EARLY. (Did I ever mention my illiteracy of campus notices?) So, the guest house was awaiting me. I had to wait like 2-hours before I could even get that . . . so me and Pub Safety are pretty tight now.

I had the whole fucking

house to myself for like 3-hours that night. I watched *Goodfellas* (living off of Extra Spearmint gum, which thankfully I had bought before I had left . . . . Good God, that shit is DIVINE. "It's like one big, green, mushy ball of spearmint, yo," like my friend Justin would say. Buy it . . . you won't regret it.)

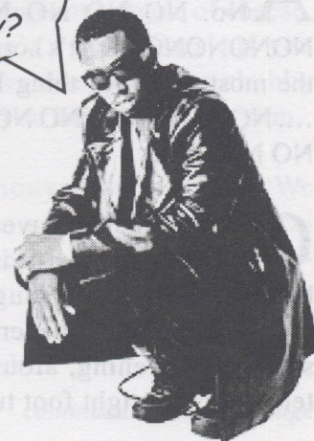
And I watched the mice scurry across the floor. And played in my Mammoth Book of Fun and Games (which was boring because I had already done all of the math problems.) And I read . . . and slept. And avoided my new roommates . . .

And let me just tell you that I have never experienced that kind of boredom before. I flossed my teeth like five fucking times. I laid on my back on the bed (only with half of my body off the edge of the bed). Remember doing that when you were like 6 because your friends said it was cool to get a headrush?

AND! I went pee like 47 1/2 times. (We were out of toilet paper once.) And I JUST WANTED TO DIE.

So, I finally got back to my cold, stale room and fell "deep fucking asleep, yo."

You gots a phone where you at, baby?





# Don't be Mr. Joey Dickhead

by Mark Hugo

**H**ave you ever been to a movie? I know you have. And you've probably met a sinister character who lurks the cinema halls of our great nation. No, he's not on the silver screen. He's probably sitting a few rows ahead of you, or behind you, or even in the seat right next to you. I like to call him Little Mr. Joey Dickhead. Oh, you know who I'm talking about. He's the guy who is never satisfied with a movie—even if it's obvious what the movie is going to be like from looking at the previews. If you went to *Lost in Space* or *Mars Attacks!* expecting anything more than a campy sci-fi "B" movie type flick, it has a huge budget for special effects, then you are a stupid little Mr. Joey Dickhead. Do you have a brain in your head? Is it the size of a boll weevil's? You probably went to *A Simple Plan* and said, "It was O. K., but the suspense wasn't up to my standards. And it wasn't enough like *Evil Dead*." You probably only like *Evil Dead* because your little film friends told you it was a good movie. Sitting alone and watching it, you would have said it lacked well-developed characters or storyline. You just don't get it, do you?

There are two major problems with our

generation (those of us who spent our growing years in the 1980's).

1). **We have the false expectation that every movie will be the greatest we've ever seen** (better than our first movie-going experience, such as *Star Wars*, *ET*, or *Krull*).

2). We can't admit a movie is good unless it some magazine said it was cool, some late-night host christened it was the next hip thing, it had a huge marketing campaign, it had no marketing, or it's the latest "Indie" hit.

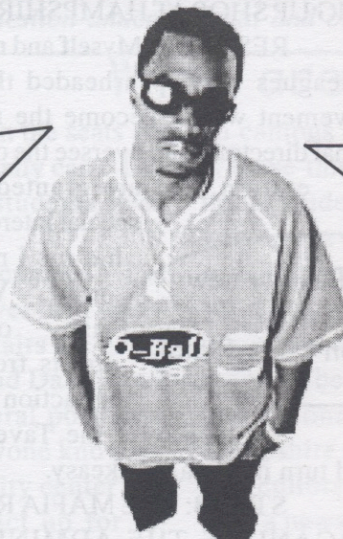
And remember, no one can have a personal opinion unless they're sure everyone else agrees. If not, use the following reaction as a default. If asked about a movie, say it sucks. Not only will you be in the clear, you'll just have proven that you are intellectually superior to not only the film maker but also anyone who might have enjoyed said movie. Of course, maybe, just maybe the parts of the movie you didn't "get" were intended on the part of the film makers. So then your negative nelly attitude comes from a mere opinion rather than some kind of analytical intellect.

To all those not yet infected remember not to

be a little Mr. Joey Dickhead. At the rest of you, just imagine me flicking you off while getting down to the theme of *Lost in Space*.



Uh - huh. Yeah.  
Uh - huh. Yeah. Uh - huh.  
C'mon. Uh - huh. Uh -  
huh. Uh - huh.  
C'mon. Oh yeah.  
Yo Bitch, what the shit?  
Uh - huh. I mean  
The Omen Beat  
Slamming yo ass  
Into the fucker -  
My momma was a whore!  
Uh - huh. Yeah. C'mon.  
Don't be a fucker  
For the Omen -



by Michael "Benni" Pierce

Be the man -  
Uh - huh. Yeah.  
The O-man.  
Be like me.  
Com like me.  
The one, the only, Puff  
Daddy.  
Uh - huh. Yeah.  
Uh - huh. Yeah. Uh - huh.  
C'mon. Be like me.  
Be like me ...  
Don't be afraid ...  
My momma was a whore!  
Uh - huh.



# Why the Mafia Should Take Over Hampshire College:

## An essay on the state of being in higher education

by Tyler "Luca Brazi" Carey, Certified Bartender

**W**eeks ago, as the bitter snow hit, my friends and I were sitting in SAGA née Marriot discussing the sad state of affairs at Hampshire College. Rapid shifts in administration. A limited social sphere for most people. A disorganized method of operating overall. Horrible rumors of fiscal difficulties and the Treasurer resigning. "Don't worry," someone said, "Hampshire has been through crap like this before and will undoubtedly survive." True, Hampsters are perhaps the most resilient underachievers in the world.

"However, how could we prevent such difficulties ever from coming again?" the token pessimist at the table asked. We all sat silently, unable to answer.

I mulled over the "theories" of survival, economics and promotion that I had learned on the streets of



Long Island (pron. lawn-'guy-lund). It didn't take long to develop at all.

.. **"What if the Mafia took over Hampshire?"**

**I whispered, interrupting the silence.** I sat quietly in my tuxedo at the end of table, stroking a cat on my lap, while others stared in disbelief. "No, seriously, it would neutralize all of our problems: fiscal difficulties, intimidation from other colleges, lack of sex . . . everything." It was on the cold, lonely, blustery day that the following solution was hatched.

**STEP A: CONTACT THE MAFIA** (aka "The Mob", "La Cosa Nostra", "The Five Families", "The Corporation", "The Industry", "The Syndicate") **REGARDING SETTING UP SHOP AT HAMPSHIRE.**

**RESULT A:** Myself and my colleagues who spearheaded this movement would become the regional directors who oversee the operation, and are granted a special interest housing mod. We use our profits from this action to take over the Tavern and turn it into a speakeasy.

**STEP B: THE MAFIA RE-ORGANIZES THE ADMINISTRATION**

**RESULT B:** Positions are filled only by those suited to fill them. Furthermore, they have to remain under a . . . binding . . . contract for a minimum of ten years. Any resistance to this process is greeted with "an offer they can't refuse."

**STEP C: THE MAFIA TAKES OVER THE HOUSING PROCESS**

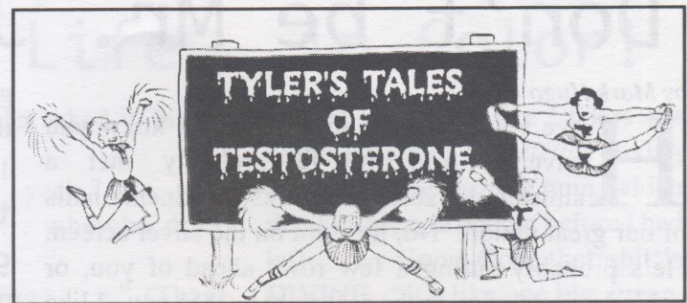
**RESULT C:** Rooms and mods are no longer granted by seniority or lottery. The provision of anything but a single in Dakin is considered a favor, which may be cashed in for a return favor at any time by members of the Industry. Failure to comply with this may be met by a similar fate as those who do not comply with STEP B (See above).

**STEP D: THE MAFIA SUBSIDIZES PROSTITUTION ON CAMPUS**

**RESULT D:** Students no longer whine about not getting laid. For a reasonable fee, all hormonal urges may be met by women, men, farm animals and so forth employed by the Corporation.

**STEP E: THE MAFIA SUBSIDIZES THE ALCOHOL AND DRUG TRADES ON CAMPUS**

**RESULT E:** A rather direct system of approaching a gentleman with a briefcase and wearing trench





# The Mob Will Rule the School

coat at a table in SAGA will provide for the supply of alcohol and drugs on campus. Deliveries will be quick, courteous and direct to your door. The purchase of drugs or alcohol through channels other than the Family will result in a report to Public Safety.

## STEP F: THE MAFIA TAKES OVER PUBLIC SAFETY

RESULT F: What to students formerly seemed like random draconian punishments for offenses will now be organized in a more . . . fair method. Associates of the Family and those who bribe or beg for mercy in a suitably melodramatic fashion may be granted favors. All others will be invited on one-way fishing trips on the Connecticut River.

## STEP G: USING THE PROFITS FROM STEPS A THROUGH F, THE MAFIA FULLY ACQUIRES HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, INCLUDING ITS ASSETS AND DEBTS

RESULT G: The cost of tuition is dropped 90%. Salaries for staff and faculty more than double. All payments of bills, however, must be placed in a briefcase to be

left in a garbage can on the Amherst Commons at exactly 8pm on Tuesdays. Picking up the briefcase will be a highly sought after work study position.

## STEP H: THE NEW MAFIA CONTROLLED LEGITIMATE BUSINESS FRONT OF HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE DRASTICALLY ALTERS THE ADMISSIONS PROCESS

RESULT H: The Admissions Office is relocated to Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. The new Director of Admissions, Vincenzo "The Sheep" Gulgazio, will consider each case personally in a private interview. Kissing his pinky ring and swearing at least ten years of service to The Family is considered the preferred technique for guaranteeing your admission.

After we joked about this for a while, we checked *The Making of a College*, the Hampshire College Bible, to see if there was any precedence such a move. Sure enough, there is a little known passage in the text which suggests the following:

*"Should the ideal college in question undergo fiscal and orga-*

*nizational crises, there can be only one solution. Members of a New York based Mafia family must step in to reorganize the school and its activities. This is to be a last resort for solving the inevitable difficulties of such a flaky institution, but it is guaranteed to work. If you don't believe me, you can call my cousin Clemenza and ask him about it, ya hump!"*

This is only visible in the unexpurgated tenth anniversary edition of *The Making of a College*, written in the margins in pencil.

Shocking as this may seem, it is our only hope. If we, the people of Hampshire College, are to rise and succeed in this increasingly competitive world, we must go the way of so many industries before us. Like the fish markets, sports arenas and entertainment industries, we must cooperate, no, solicit help from the Mafia. They've been doing things right for over a hundred years.

NOTE: COPIES OF THE ABOVE MEMO HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE CRIME SYNDICATES OF THE NORTHEAST. AT THE MOMENT WE ARE AWAITING RESPONSES.

*continued from page 3*

the future of this school and all too often the seats are vacant or filled by students who don't really care. Unfortunately, it seems that very few students even know that these positions exist.

And what about news on this campus? I'm sure there is stuff going on, but we never hear about it. The senior positions in Student Affairs are being reviewed, the trash chutes in Merrill and Dakin were closed, Community Council had several positions, including the chair, open, and does anyone know for sure what happened with the community center referendum, and when is ACC's contract up for renewal? All of things and many more are occurring

## What are You Waiting for?

on campus and no one really knows about them. It is these things that should be covered in the traditional student newspaper. But again, this takes involvement and students will have to write about something other than themselves.

I tried, briefly, to interest students in covering news. My attempt was unsuccessful. No one seems to be willing to take the time to do it properly and no one wants an editor. Maybe this is why Hampshire students prefer to write about themselves and editors continue to pretend that they are running a newspaper, even when there isn't a single real news story in the publication.



# This is a Threat of the Emergency Broadcast System

by Aemily dara Reshen

I'd like to start out this week's lame-ass, incoherent article by saying, "WHAT THE FUCK!?!?" Ok, so in my last "article" I THOUGHT I had hinted to those of you out there who owe me a box of salt (as in the kind that you sprinkle on ice), that ummm...YOU OWE ME SOME AND NEED TO BRING IT TO ME OR ELSE I WILL BE FORCED TO HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE THAT SERIAL KILLER THAT I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE. But evidently, my threat was not clear enough, because here I am....saltless...Perhaps I was naive when I thought that these strangers (and people...its REALLY not hard to find out your names and worst fears) would return the salt that I had lent them out of the goodness of my heart.

Now, perhaps you are wondering why they needed this salt? It was because they were having some weird salt-fetish orgy in their car... or maybe it was to try and melt that sheet of ice that their car was stuck on...I can't remember which one it really was. Sure people laughed at me when I thought that these strangers would buy me a new box of salt.

"Gee, Aemily," people said, "You're from NYC, did you really think that people would give a fuck about you after they received the help that they wanted? Life is shit. Deal." To be honest, YES, I did think that these people would purchase me a new box of salt. (Have I mentioned that two other kind bystanders and myself

attempted to push their stuck car for over hour??) I mean, why *wouldn't* they return the salt? Lets face it: our campus is super small, so its not like I won't constantly run into them, and chances are that one of those times I will be armed.

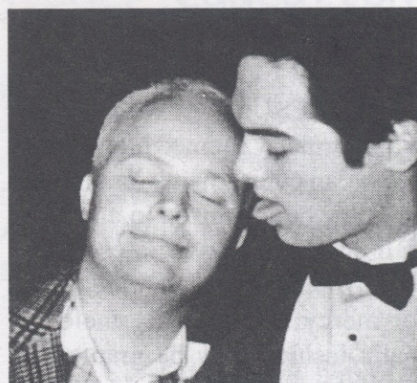
So, here is why I am confused. They didn't look like stinkin' hippies (they appeared well-groomed and they didn't have that nasty B.O.-patchouli stank), so I figured that they might be normal, responsible human beings. But perhaps they are huge drug users and have not yet emerged out of their little druggie-cesspools since that fateful night. Oh, wait, I saw one of the strangers the other night. Oh, yes. She made contact and CLAIMED that she would drop off the salt - she even remembered my name. But, once again, I am sitting here without a box of salt in my possession. Now if we could direct out attention to Exhibit A: a dead, partially-eaten New York squirrel. This squirrel (we can refer to him as Senior Squirrel)



owed me a bunch of acorns that I had lent him just as winter was setting in. Unfortunately, by the time that January rolled around, he still had not repaid my kindness. Poor Senior Squirrel. Now I present

Exhibit B: The Reason Why I Needed The Salt. See....one of our *Omen* staffers (who sometimes goes by the name of **WADE STUCKWISCH**) often likes, nay, NEEDS to be licked by men in tuxedos. One night as **WADE STUCKWISCH** was being licked it was rather cold out and, unfortunately,

his man-of-the-evening got his tongue stuck to **WADE STUCKWISCH'S** cheek. Therefore, we needed the salt in order to try and remedy the situation. The picture was taken just mere moments



before this catastrophe occurred.

On another note...What's up with the color pink? And people who wear it? What a god awful color! Even the poor tortured and mutilated Senior Squirrel never made such a fashion faux pas. I even have evidence that pink is the worst color ever. First off, what does pink rhyme with? Yes, that's right - drink. And what happens when you drink too much? You puke. And what is puke? **ViaL**. Therefore, we can conclude that pink is **EVIL**. Oh, and all you pink-lovers out there: Fuck you, I like my logic. Well, I'd really like to waste more ink, but I need to go take my hourly dose of lithium...

*The confused and demented writer would like to thank Fear Factory & the Beastie Boys for providing entertaining music to listen to during the ten minutes that she spent writing this crapulence, as well as those of you out there who are mean and haven't brought her salt yet - without you this article wouldn't have been possible. She would also like to thank Jenn "Super Lucky To Have A Hot New Boyfriend" Barr-DiPiazza for her input, photography skills, and great timing.*





# Valentine's Day Cards

by Jacob Chabot

